Hey there, snails! Spring really snuck up on me. It always seems to: the year starts out and I think that this one will be different, that I won't let time fly by, and then I blink and the flowers are blooming.

Since last month's newsletter, I'm happy to report that 1) my back pain let up and 2) the Bus Riders Union was successful in pressuring our city council to increase transit funding. Our next move was going to be a campaign to get the KCATA board to approve the use of reserve funds, but it appears we won't need to do that. The Board is already onboard. We're shifting our focus towards basebuilding and mutual aid surrounding the return of bus fares in June, getting folks fare cards since cash won't be an option and We don't want to see anyone left behind.

I've also been planning with the KC Zine Collective, and we're working on bringing three events to life this year (plus, our monthly zine club): a ZINESÖMMAR diy field day, a Zinema fundraiser/film screening, and, of course, KC Zine Con #11.

Cat Moth Crow chronicle

currently...

reading:

"tornado brain" by cat patrick

"the book of love" by kelly link

"to be taught, if fortunate" by becky chambers

playing:

moonlighter (switch)

watching: jetlag s12

the pitt s2

zineing:

word of the day #5 by sharaya o

moonbow #3 by veronique

the groundhog issues 05 & 06 by students at the pendleton heights community school

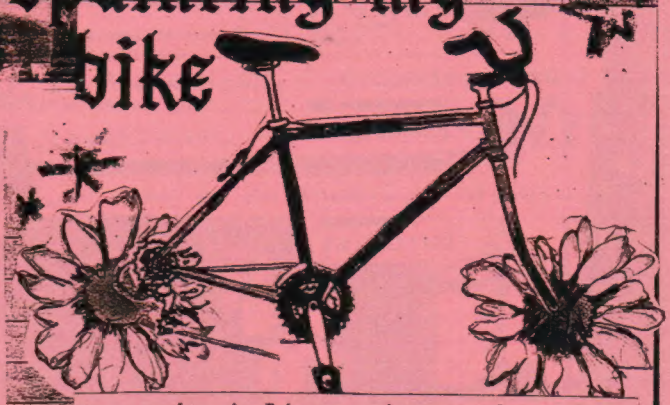
listening:

"no need to be lonely" - gladie

"readymades" - chumbawamba

"i got heaven" - mannequin pussy

repainting my bike



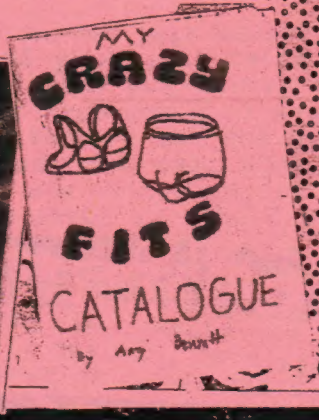
I can't believe that we're four months into 2026 – a third of the way through the year – and I've yet to go for a bike ride. I miss the feeling of flying and zipping around and the burn down my calves climbing hills. My bike (a 2011 Jamis Coda Sport) has been sitting in pieces on the floor of my home office for 4 months now as I work on giving it a much needed refresh, gathering supplies and doing research. I'm finally at a point where I can start tackling the big project: repainting the frame. It's currently black with silver accents, and I've put it through the ringer thanks to over a decade of daily use: it's scratched and stickered up, and there are spots of rust in places. When I'm done with this makeover, it'll be a glossy black dappled with sparkly violet and rose gold stars that fade into a sunset sorta look down the fork. I've got new shifter cables that're shiny with oil slick rainbows, and lilac brake cable housing. And on my wishlist for the future is a new purple crankset and oil slick pedals. I'm stoked to get back in the saddle by the end of this month, and even more stoked that my bike will look like a celestial-sunset, shiny, magpie-dream.

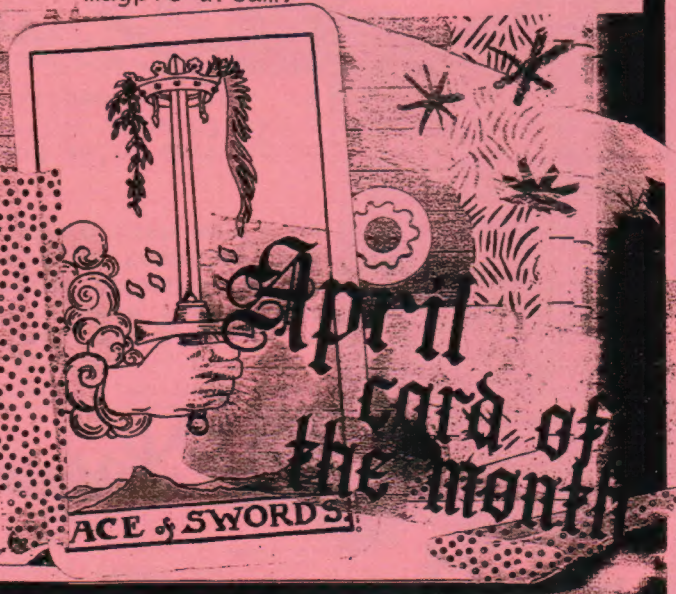
Glasses

I'm rejoining the ranks of the four-eyed! After spending my childhood in bifocals to improve a misalignment (my left is a lil' lazy), I stopped wearing specs in highschool and hadn't been back to an optometrist in almost twenty years. But recently, I've noticed floaters blurring my vision after staring at the computer screen for hours at my day job. Turns out, other than the strabismus, I'm slightly far-sighted, and the floaters are eye strain. They fit me for a pair of (cute cat-eye) glasses that I can wear anytime I'm working, to give my eyes (especially the right one) a little bit of a break.

Perzine Workshop

Last month, every Wednesday night, I taught a free perzine workshop at the public library. It went pretty well! I certainly learned a lot about teaching a workshop series: each session was an hour and a half, and while that seemed like a lot of time when I put together the syllabus, the time just flew by! Especially the final session, when I rolled zine layouts, covers, printing, collating, and stapling into one class. That session was a sprint! If I ever teach a multi-class series again, I think I'll schedule in a couple of sessions just for working, sans presentation. I'm also not sure what I was thinking trying to make a perzine along with my students; during the work time, they kept me busy with terrific, curious questions and I bounced around the room demonstrating techniques and giving tips. Of the 12 participants, 4 came to all four workshops and I'm so proud of the zines they created: Iina shared her experiences raising butterflies with her family, Edward created a zine of collages inspired by his childhood, and Amy and Kelly collaborated on a catalog zine sharing Amy's ideas for adaptive fashion. And while each of their zines were wildly different, they all selected the same 60s-inspired bubble font for their covers, which made me laugh.





April card of the month